

Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah *Tranio*, what a cruell Fathers he:
But art thou not aduis'd, he tooke some care
To get her cunning Schoolemasters to instruct her.

Tra. I marry am I sir, and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I haue it *Tranio*.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inuentions meet and iumpe in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schole-master,
And vnder take the teaching of the maid:
That's your deuice.

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tra. Not possible: for who shall beare your part,
And be in *Padua* heere *Vincenios* sonne,
Keepe house, and ply his booke, welcome his friends,
Visit his Countreimen, and banquet them?

Luc. *Bassa*, content thee: for I haue it full.
We haue not yet bin seene in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
For man or master: then it followes thus;
Thou shalt be master, *Tranio* in my sted:
Keepe house, and port, and seruants, as I should,
I will some other be, some *Florentine*,
Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner man of *Pisa*.
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so: *Tranio* at once
Vncase thee: take my Conlond hat and cloake,
When *Biondello* comes, he waite on thee,
But I will charme him first to keepe his tongue.

Tra. So had you neede:
In breefe Sir, sith your pleasure is,
And I am tyed to be obedient,
For so your father charg'd me at our parting:
Be seruicable to my sonne (quothe he)
Although I thinke 'twas in another fence,
I am content to bee *Lucentio*,
Because so well I loue *Lucentio*.

Luc. *Tranio* be so, because *Lucentio* loues,
And let me be a slaue, tatchicue that maide,
Whose sodaine sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Heere comes the rogue. Sirra, where haue you bin?
Bion. Where haue I bene? Nay how now, where
are you? Maister, ha's my fellow *Tranio* stolne your
cloathes, or you stolne his, or both? Pray what's the
newes?

Luc. Sirra come hither, 'tis no time to iest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time
Your fellow *Tranio* heere to saue my life,
Puts my apparrell, and my count'nance on,
And I for my escape haue put on his:
For in a quarrell since I came a shore,
I kil'd a man, and feare I was descried:
Waite you on him, I charge you, as becomes:
While I make way from hence to saue my life:
You vnderstand me?

Bion. I sir, ne're a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of *Tranio* in your mouth,
Tranio is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Bion. The better for him, would I were so too.

Tra. So could I faith boy, to haue the next wish af-
ter, that *Lucentio* indeede had *Baptistas* yongest daugh-
ter. But sirra, not for my sake, but your masters, I ad-
uise you vse your manners discretely in all kind of com-
panies: When I am alone, why then I am *Tranio*: but in

all places else, you master *Lucentio*.

Luc. *Tranio* let's go:

One thing more rests, that thy selfe execute,
To make one among these wooers: if thou ask me why,
Sufficeth my reasons are both good and waighthy.

Exeunt. The Presenters aboue speakes.

1. Man. My Lord you nod, you do not minde the
play.

Beg. Yes by Saint Anne do I, a good matter surely:
Comes there any more of it?

Lady. My Lord, 'tis but begun.

Beg. 'Tis a verie excellent peece of worke, Madame
Ladie: would 'twere done. *They sit and marke.*

Enter Petruchio, and his man Grumio.

Petr. *Verona*, for a while I take my leaue,
To see my friends in *Padua*; but of all
My best beloued and approued friend
Hortensio: & I trow this is his house:
Heere sirra *Grumio*, knocke I say.

Grum. Knocke sir? whom should I knocke? Is there
any man ha's rebu'd your worship?

Petr. Villaine I say, knocke me heere soundly.

Grum. Knocke you heere sir? Why sir, what am I sir,
that I should knocke you heere sir.

Petr. Villaine I say, knocke me at this gate,
And rap me well, or Ile knocke your knaues pate.

Grum. My Ma' is growne quarrelsome:
I should knocke you first,

And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Petr. Will it not be?

Faith sirrah, and you'll not knocke, Ile ring it,
Ile trie how you can *Sol, Fa*, and sing it.

He rings him by the eare

Grum. Helpe mistress helpe, my master is mad.

Petr. Now knocke when I bid you: sirrah villaine.

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now, what's the matter? My olde friend
Grumio, and my good friend *Petruchio*? How do you all
at *Verona*?

Petr. Signior *Hortensio*, come you to part the fray?
Contutti le core bene trobato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa bene venuto molto honorata signi-*
or mio Petruchio.

Rise *Grumio* rise, we will compound this quarrell.

Grum. Nay 'tis no matter sir, what he leges in Latine.
If this be not a lawfull cause for me to leaue his seruice,
looke you sir: He bid me knocke him, & rap him found-
ly sir. Well, was it fit for a seruant to vse his master so,
being perhaps (for ought I see) two and thirty, a peepe
out? Whom would to God I had well knockt at first,
then had not *Grumio* come by the worst.

Petr. A fencelesse villaine: good *Hortensio*,
I bad the rascall knocke vpon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Grum. Knocke at the gate? O heauens: spake you not
these words plaine? Sirra, Knocke me heere: rappeme
heere: knocke me well, and knocke me soundly? And
come you now with knocking at the gate?

Petr. Sirra be gone, or talke not I aduise you.

Hor. *Petruchio* patience, I am *Grumio*'s pledge:
Why this a heauie chance twixt him and you,
Your ancient trustie pleasant seruant *Grumio*:
And tell me now (sweet friend) what happie gale
Blowes you to *Padua* heere, from old *Verona*?

Petr. Such wind as scatters yongmen throug h world,
To

To seeke their fortunes farther then at home,
Where small experience growes but in a few.

Signior *Hortensio*, thus it stands with me.

Antonio my father is deceast,

And I haue thrust my selfe into this maze,

Happily to wiuie and thriue, as best I may:

Crownes in my purse I haue, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. *Petruchio*, shall I then come roundly to thee,

And with thee to a shrew'd ill-fauour'd wife?

Thou'dst thanke me but a little for my counsell:

And yet Ile promise thee she shall be rich,

And verie rich: but th'art too much my friend,

And Ile not wish thee to her.

Petr. Signior *Hortensio*, twixt such friends as wee,

Few words suffice: and therefore, if thou know

One rich enough to be *Petruchio*'s wife:

(As wealth is burthen of my woiing dance)

Be she as foule as was *Florentius* Loue,

As old as *Sibell*, and as curst and shrew'd

As *Socrates* Zentippe, or a worle:

She moues me not, or not remoues at least

Affections edge in me. Were she is as rough

As are the swelling *Adriaticke* seas.

I come to wiuie it wealthily in *Padua*:

If wealthily, then happily in *Padua*.

Grum. Nay, looke you sir, hee tels you flatly what his
minde is: why giue him Gold enough, and marrie him
to a Puppet or an Aglet babie, or an old trot with ne're a
tooth in her head, though she haue as manie diseases as
two and fiftie horses. Why nothing comes amisse, so
monie comes withall.

Hor. *Petruchio*, since we are stopt thus farre in,

I will continue that I broach'd in iest,

I can *Petruchio* helpe thee to a wife

With wealth enough, and yong and beaution,

Brought vp as best becomes a Gentlewoman.

Her onely fault, and that is faults enough,

Is, that she is intollerable curst,

And shrow'd, and froward, so beyond all measure,

That were my state farre worse then it is,

I would not wed her for a mine of Gold.

Petr. *Hortensio* peace: thou know'st not golds effect,

Tell me her fathers name, and 'tis enough:

For I will boord her, though the chide as loud

As thunder, when the clouds in Autumne cracke.

Hor. Her father is *Baptista Minola*.

An affable and courteous Gentleman,

Her name is *Katherina Minola*.

Renow'd in *Padua* for her scolding tongue.

Petr. I know her father, though I know not her,

And he knew my deceast father well:

I will not sleepe *Hortensio* till I see her,

And therefore let me be thus bold with you,

To giue you ouer at this first encounter,

Vnlesse you will accompanie me thither.

Grum. I pray you Sir let him go while the humor lasts.

A my word, and she knew him as well as I do, she would
thinke scolding would doe little good vpon him. Shee
may perhaps call him halfe a score knaues, or so: Why
that's nothing; and he begin once, hee'll taile in his rope
trickes. Ile tell you what sir, and she stand him but a li-
tle, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure hir
with it, that shee shall haue no more eyes to see withall
then a Cat: you know him not sir.

Hor. Tarry *Petruchio*, I must go with thee.

For in *Baptistas* keepe my tre

He hath the Iewel of my life

His yongest daughter, beaue

And her with-holds from m

Sutors to her, and riuals in m

Supposing it a thing impossib

For those defects I haue befo

That euer *Katherina* will be w

Therefore this order hath B

That none shal haue access

Til *Katherine* the Curst, haue

Grum. *Katherine* the curst,

A title for a maide, of all title

Hor. Now shal my friend

And offer me disguis'd in sob

To old *Baptista* as a schoole-

Well seene in Musicke, to inf

That so I may by this deuice

Haue leaue and leisure to ma

And vn suspected court her b

Enter Grumio and L

Grum. Heere's no knauerie

folkes, how the yong folke

Master, master, looke about

Hor. Peace *Grumio*, it is

Petruchio stand by a while.

Grumio. A proper striplin

Grumio. O very well, I ha

Hearke you sir, Ile haue thee

All bookes of Loue, see that

And see you reade no other l

You vnderstand me. Quer a

Signior *Baptistas* liberalitie,

Ile mend it with a Largeste.

And let me haue them verie

For she is sweeter then perfu

To whom they go to: what

Luc. What ere I reade to

As for my patron, stand you

As firmly as your selfe were

Yea and perhaps with more

Then you; vnlesse you were

Grum. Oh this learning, w

Grum. Oh this Woodcock

Petr. Peace sirra.

Hor. *Grumio* mum: God

Grum. And you are wel me

Trow you whether I am goin

I promist to enquire careful

About a schoolemaster for th

And by good fortune I haue

On this yong man: For learn

Fit for her turne; well read in

And other bookes, good one

Hor. 'Tis well: and I haue

Hath promist me to helpe on

A fine Musitian to instruct ou

So shal I no whit be behinde

Grum. Beloued of me, and t

Grum. And that his bags sh

Hor. *Grumio*, 'tis now no

Listen to me, and if you spea

Ile tel you newes indifferen

Heere is a Gentleman whom